

For The Reverend M^r. D. Williams.

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16 A

POEM

On the Death of the Reverend

Mr. John Weekes,

Late Pastor to a Congregation in *Bristol*,

Who Dyed Novemb. the 23d. 1698. *Ætat.* 65.

By Mr. Standen.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori. Horat.

B R I S T O L :

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Mr. John Weekes.

When pow'ful Shades had chas'd the cheer-
And the chill *Horrors* of the gloomy Night

And tempted Mortals to a soft repose :

In troubled thoughts, and Dreams abrupt I lay,
 In vain retir'd from the noisy Day.
 I wak't, and Sleep in vain I tri'd agên,
 For to my eyes appear'd this dismal Scene.
 Methought I saw the Great *Philander* lie,
 His dear *Irene* pale, and weeping by :
 Each Face, but his, a settled Grief did wear,
 And all the Symptoms of a black Despair.
 The force of long Disease could not controul
 The Life and vigour of his generous Soul :
 Not all the Terrours of approaching Death
 Could force a Murmur from his parting Breath.
 Through all the rising Shades of Death I saw
 Remaining Beams of Majesty and Awe,

Un

Undaunted Courage fixt, and Joy serene,
 And growing hopes of dawning Glory seen.
 As when behind an Occidental cloud
 The Sun does all his Ev'ning Lustre shrowd,
 As he descends down to the Western Flood;
 Yet through the watry Veil appearing fair,
 With scatter'd Beams does gild the yielding Air.
 So scorn'd he Terrors past, and those behind
 Could not eclipse the beauty of his Mind.
 And now the dreadful Shades more thick approach,
 And on expiring vital Breath encroach:
 And after all, in hast came close behind
 The Universal Terror of Mankind.

The

The meagre Tyrant strait advancing nigh
 Insulting lifts his fatal Javelin high :

Thrice he essay'd to strike, and thrice recoil'd,
 Afraid such awful Goodness to behold, (Gold.)
 Seem'd brib'd with Virtue, tho' ne'er brib'd with

The Sons of Hell with eager Joy he'd seize,
 (With Carnage vast his hungry Maw t' appease,)
 Who are condemn'd, when spent their latest breath,
 To endless pains, and ever-living Death;
 On these his fierce resistless Rage he shows,
 By these his vast extended Empire grows :
 But seems unwilling to release the Just,
 And send their dying Remnants down to Dust,

And

And their refined Souls, all gay and bright,
 To the glad Realms of Joy, and endless Light,
 Thus lingring long the King of Terrors stood,
 Nor wisht to spill the Rev'rend Prophet's Blood;
 Till urg'd by the Almighty's Sov'rain Hand,
 Who over Death has absolute Command,
 Into the willing Breast his Dart he flings,
 Depriv'd of all its Flames, and all its Stings.
 He bows his head, and yields without controul,
 And in a gentle Sigh he breath'd his Soul.
 The fatal Moment past, without relief
 I sunk beneath the pond'rous load of Grief.
 The mighty Sorrows in my Bosom pent
 Impetuous rose, too big for Tears to vent.

From

From off my Head the gaudy Wreath I tore,
 Which for the dear *Almeria's* sake I wore,
 By her own hands fresh twin'd not long before. }
 A gelid Horror struck my trembling Heart,
 And more than He I felt the Mortal Dart.
 As when loud Thunders breaking from on high,
 And forked Lightnings through the flaming Sky,
 With massy Bolts the Rocks and Mountains tear,
 And fill around th' astonisht World with fear;
 The Earth convulst with hideous crashing breaks,
 Recoils, and frighted to the Centre shakes.
 So started back my Soul, 'till now unmov'd,
 Though oft th' efforts of angry Fate I prov'd.

Sorrows

Sorrows on Sorrows rowl'd, and fore oppress
 The sinking Powers of my wounded Breast.
 Till looking upwards to the Radiant Skies,
 More joyous Objects met my wondring Eyes.

A Tract of Light appear'd serene, and fair,
 And shining Glory blazon'd all the Air,
 Up to the Verge of Heav'n and Chrystal Gate,
 At whose bright Entrance flaming Seraphs wait.
 And all the way, *by Heav'n's dread King's command,*
 Arrang'd in close and beauteous order stand,
 On either side the numerous faithful Band,
 Nor dreaded they proud *Lucifer's* alarms)
 With massy golden Shields, and lucent Arms.

B

And

And in the midst, up to the blest Abode
 The Glorious Saint all in gay Triumph rode,
 High mounted on a gorgeous Chariot bright,
 Whose dazzling splendor crush'd the wounded sight:
 Saluted, as he pass'd the Heav'nly Crowd,
 With shouts of Joy, and *Hallelujahs* loud.
 Thus through the Air, the dark confines of Hell,
 Where the faln Spirits, and swarthy *Demons* dwell,
 They swiftly pass'd; while trembling far away
 Th' Infernal Legions fled th' approach of Day:
 And mad with Envy, gnashing from afar,
 They groveling prostrate lay in pannick fear,
 And foam'd, and rag'd, and shook their *Snaky* hair.

Mean

Mean while the pompous Triumph made its way
To the fair Entrance of Eternal Day.

Ten thousand thousand *Angel-Trumpets* found,
And the vast Realms of Heav'n all eccho'd round.

My feeble Sight no longer could pursue
The glorious Vision now beyond my View.

This Scene a while my Sorrows did restrain,
Till all the gloomy Thoughts return'd again.

In vain, alas, I rov'd from place to place,
My Terrors with my flight kept equal pace,
I wander'd to a Grove, whose darksome shade
Might seem a fit Recess for Sorrow made:

Where in the midst a Temple great appear'd,
 With lofty Head on *Dorick* Pillars rear'd;
 Whose wide and open Portals did display
 A vast Assembly on the solemn Day,
 The solemn Day, when from the *sable Chair*,
 With Artless Sighs, and with a mournful Air,
 Divine *Cleander* to the Crowd addrest,
 With Voice, and Gesture, Passion deep exprest,
 And stirr'd fresh Grief in ev'ry troubled Breast: }
 For as the vast and publick Loss he show'd,
 From numerous Eyes the briny Currents flow'd.
 In pensive Shades from hence retir'd I fate,
 And thus I mourn'd inexorable Fate.

Farewel,

Farewel, Farewel, the Dearest, and the Best,
 From this vain World gone up to endless Rest.
 The brav'st, the faithful'st Friend I ever knew,
 Always careſſing, and yet always true.
 No more ſhall I behold that chearful Face,
 Nor ſee that awful Majeſty and Grace.
 No more the charming Prophet's Voice attend,
 And Pray'rs to Heav'n no more together ſend.
 No more ſhall he ſad Hearts with Joy inſpire,
 Nor kindle frozen Souls with Heav'nly Fire.
 No more ſhall he, with nobleſt Zeal poſſeſt
 Conduct the Righteous to Eternal Reſt.
 No more ſhall he pronounce the dreadful Word,
 Nor brandiſh up aloft the flaming Sword,

The

The Sword of God, nor tell the Joys above,
 And all the Pleasures of that World of Love.
 No more shall he the wicked Rage oppose,
 Nor plead the Orphans and the Widdows Cause;
 No more shall others Sorrows break his Rest,
 No more shall help the Injur'd and Opprest.
 No more shall we in sweet Converses walk,
 No more of high Cælestial Wonders talk;
 Untill the last *Archangel-Trump* shall sound,
 “ To raise the sleeping Nations under Ground:
 And the Great God in flaming Vengeance come,
 To speak to all the World the final Doom.
 Then may I see the Mighty Prophet's Face
 With a more God-like Air, and Heav'nly Grace:

Then

Then may We with redoubled Gladness meet,
 May I his State with loud Applauses greet,
 And sit beneath the *Great Philander's* Feet.

And now the gloomy Shades were chas't away,
 And fled apace before the coming Day:
 Yet blacker still the Scene of Horror grew,
 I wak't, and found the fatal Vision true.

F I N I S.